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*Canadian  
Poetry*

*and  
Other Poems*



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*By  
Hymen  
Edelstein*

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## Canadian Lyrics and Other Poems



# *CANADIAN LYRICS*

*AND OTHER POEMS*

*By*  
*HYMAN EDELSTEIN*

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*Author's Edition*

*WILLIAM BRIGGS*  
*TORONTO*  
*1916*

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*by HYMAN EDELSTEIN*



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## NOTE

The Canadian pieces printed in this volume are here offered to the public for the first time. Most of the other poems have been published in different periodicals, and appear now in a revised form.

H. E.

MONTREAL, January, 1916.



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## Canadian Lyrics and Other Poems

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### PRÆMIUM

WHERE th' ages strew their minstrel store,  
And long-famed bards o'ersway the lyre,  
Well may the world protest, "No more!  
'Tis surfeit of celestial fire!"

But though my voice ring strange 'mid theirs,  
It yet shall swell those hallowed strains:  
My song murmurs remoter airs,  
And mingles ancients' refrains.

My words may tell how I absorbed  
The music of another race:  
My thoughts, like days and nights bright-orbed,  
Shall radiate through time and space.

## PRŒMIUM

Day takes from sun no lasting glow,  
Nor night from stars undying grace:  
More distant suns the glory throw,  
And give them an immortal face.

So may this offering of a scribe,  
Sounding a language not his sires',  
Prove that his own eternal tribe  
Still bears the old prophetic fires!

## CANADA

O TROPIC-ARCTIC home, my own,  
Whose charms I fondly cherish,  
Though but three years this love I've known,  
Such love will never perish.

I left a fair and gleaming isle  
Where yet dropped tears too many,  
But now beneath your constant smile  
It seems I knew not any.

If with such grace—as, sure, I know—  
You welcome each newcomer:  
'Mid all your snows, our love must glow  
In everlasting summer!

## WINTER<sup>EE</sup>MORNING

THE ice-breath's thick on the window-panes :  
The double-windows gloom o'ercast  
With cracking layers of murky stains  
Breathed on by winter's morning blast.  
Without, the bread and milk-sleighs glide,  
Tossing the roads of furrowed snow,  
While from the roofs the snow-crusts slide,  
Smashing themselves in spray below ;  
And baker's horse with hoary bit  
And frosted belly his errand goes,  
And on the snow-piled doorsteps sit  
Bottles of lumpèd milk fresh-froze.  
A rose, child's face the morning hath,  
When lurid tuques of blue and red  
Scarce peep above the snow-walled path  
Where rubbered feet do schoolward tread.—  
That's the spirit the morning hath  
With children's cheek of ruddy hue,  
Washed shining in the snowflake bath,  
And blowing clouds of living dew.



## WINTER IN CANADA

CANADIAN streams trip sprightly  
In the golden fires of June—  
But Canadian snows shine brightly  
In the silver winter moon :

'Then hail, the Canadian winter-time,  
With the sleigh-drive, skate, and snowshoe climb !

Mount Royal's slopes are snow-paved ways,  
And there we'll go a-sliding,  
While past us tinkle flying sleighs,  
And knived skates are gliding :

Then raise the echoing slogan—  
To ski, skate and toboggan !

Mount Royal's sides are white and steep—  
What reck's the snowshoed hero?  
The moon is clear, the snow is deep,  
And twenty under zero :

This be our ringing tocsin,  
To snowshoe, mitt and mocc'sin !

## WINTER IN CANADA

And O, how the blood with new youth thrills  
    In these Canadian winters,  
As the ski skims high and the sledge slips by,  
    And the skate cuts icy splinters:

How the heart skis too—'mid delirious shrieks  
    Of the springing young Canadians,  
In the winter sun on the snowy peaks,  
    Or the moon's majestic radiance:

O, the wild Canadian winter-time!  
That's for the blood the sprinter-time!

## CONTRAST

O, THE soul of the night of the Arctic,  
With your sea of memorial lights—  
There's a spirit that throws stranger gleam on  
these snows  
Than the moon from her glittering heights.

Not from ice rivers flowing with starlight,  
Floats this dream of a long-vanished day:  
There's another, a sacred, a far light  
From behind all this starry array;

And it fills all this glimmering whiteness  
With the hallowing rays that illumine  
The belov'd we have lost—the pure brightness  
Of a spirit that shines from the tomb;

And there's something that's haunting and tragic  
In this slumber and ancient repose,  
And the phantom-like lights and the magic  
Of the moon on Canadian snows.

## A PICTURE OF MY LOVE

*(Taken in a snowshoe tramp on Mount Royal,  
Montreal.)*

SEE, there she stands, in snowshoe strapped,  
Her vigorous, luscious form  
In the familiar sweater wrapped  
That hugs her, snug and warm,  
And dazzling o'er that Mount, snow-capped,  
Like sunburst after storm!

Her laughing eyes defy the sun,  
Her teeth bemock the snow;  
And, red and moistly-fresh, upon  
Her cheek I spy the glow  
Of kisses left by snowflakes spun  
'Mong winds that chilly blow.

## A PICTURE OF MY LOVE

There in the gloomy, still background  
The naked trees repose,  
Weaving a dreamy shadow round—  
While she such radiance throws,  
As glad from those dark wilds to bound—  
A Naiad of the snows!

And well this wood and snowy sea,  
Should frame her pictured laughter,  
Sure, 'twas some smiling god to me  
From mystic haunts did waft her—  
Vision of light, love, purity,  
And heaven forever after!

## WHEN I LEFT IRELAND

HEART-SICK, ill in body, too,  
So I left you, Erin,  
Wond'ring on the raptures you  
Bore for me to share in,  
Wond'ring on my griefs of which  
You were so unsparin',  
Wond'ring on the unknown beach  
Whither I was farin'.

O, that end of dreams, that knell  
Of a vain endeavor!  
Yet what lover bade farewell  
Erin—thee—forever?  
How those partings bind the soul  
That our bodies sever!  
So though oceans 'twixt us roll  
We are parted never.

## THE CHANGE

IN that tiny island  
That oft seemed my cell,  
'Mid woods deep and silent  
How I longed to dwell!

Now, Erin, I'm wishin'  
For your darling beams:  
It's *you're* now the vision,  
Of *you* are my dreams!

## AFTER DEATH

THERE never grew  
A flower like you,  
So exquisitely fair,  
That such sweet scent  
And beauty lent  
Unto the summer air.

\* \* \* \* \*

O, ne'er were strewn  
Like you, so soon,  
Dead petals torn and sere,  
Yet O, how bright  
In my black night  
And 'mid my winter here!



## CANADA TO ENGLAND

O'ER the dividing, joining seas,  
I breathe with every ocean-breeze  
    My love for thee!  
Each wave that knocks against thy shore  
My filial troth vows evermore  
    To thee, the free!

Now in thy hour of grief and strife,  
My blood to thee who gav'st me life  
    I give, my mother!  
What mother like thee can I know?  
O never, never fall that blow—  
    To own another!

## FROM THE DEPTHS

SITTING under a maple-tree,  
The sunny green light round me shed  
From leaves translucent like a sea  
Surging and sobbing overhead :  
It seems I lie 'neath oceans buried,  
And only hear life's long, deep sighs,  
And I could wish some boat had ferried  
My weary flesh into the skies !

## IMMORTALITY HAS NO RESURRECTION

DEATH taketh all—the flesh is only flesh—  
There is no life but what is from the flesh :  
The soul is but a poet's thought, and never,  
Never and never shall we meet again !

\* \* \* \* \*

You think, like seasons, doth our life run out :  
The Spring our youth ; the Summer our full  
bloom ;  
The Autumn our decline ; the Winter, sinking  
Into black death—and after? Spring again? . . .

The spirit hath an eternal summer, here  
And in th' hereafter ; for if man hath soul,  
Rising amid his physical decay,  
How shall it wither in that fadeless day  
Where matter is not, nor a resurrection ;  
Where are no suns to shape its life to seasons,  
But ultimate, unchanging light of God?

## APPROACH OF SUMMER

A MORNING of late Spring, when perfumes well  
With every breath of Nature, and the soul  
Of Beauty, Freedom, Love reanimate,  
Leaps from its chains, as a long-frozen sea,  
Relaxing all its stiffened, flat-laid limbs  
Flings off its ice-bands, and with merry tumult  
Races along in a new spirit of youth;  
And once again the universe is sounding  
With tune of birds in blue, mysterious spaces,  
And song of breezes breathing on the trees  
Their resurrecting balsam o'er the bud.  
And lo! the sun is warming up the city,  
And the white, shining streets are specked with  
    groups  
Of playing children, while the hiding birds,  
Peeping from secret vantage, humorously  
Keep winking at those small contemporaries  
Like jovial spectators at a circus,  
Approving now with whistle, now applauding  
With chorus of rapturous trills . . .

## APPROACH OF SUMMER

Till suddenly  
A shower of teeming rain sweeps in the players,  
Some under dripping trees, some on the door-  
steps,  
And the road rushes with the roaring tide.  
But soon again the sun dives from the blue  
Splashing in gold the town and fields; and th' air  
Reeks with the spices of Canadian forests . . .

This is the rain that weeps Spring into Summer,  
Leaving such perfume and such light around,  
As tears—those sudden, fast, remembering  
tears—  
Which, scalding though they be, shower round  
the fragrance  
And the wild, glorious blaze of our lost Spring!

## WHERE ?

THE brilliant heaven and sea  
Abound in minstrelsy;  
The lovely earth is full  
Of garlands sweet to cull:

Now tell me, what is there or here that *I*  
love?

The sunset, dawn are fraught  
With charms by poets sought;  
The world's a marvellous sight  
Of glories infinite—

Can you then tell me where, O where is *my*  
love?

It's not in earth or air,  
It is not anywhere  
On hills or daisied plain  
Or o'er the magic main,

Nor thither will I vainly long to fly, love:

## WHERE ?

O, here in your near face  
All those delights I trace—  
All beauties there I find,  
Flower, sun and song combined—  
I know, I know, I know that there is *my*  
love!

## FOR ENGLAND

*(In reply to the German "Song of Hate.")*

O, LET me sing a "song of love"  
That sea and land and heav'n above  
    May echo back my praise  
Of England and her freedom, mild  
    As summer's breeze that plays  
Over the seas that long have smiled  
    Since old, victorious days;  
And smiling still, lie fair and free  
In England's sunny liberty.

Shall foemen sing the "song of hate,"  
Invoking Hell to blast thy fate,  
    And shall the German rave,  
Such cursed slanders 'gainst thee speak—  
    My England, free and brave!—  
"A foul oppressor of the weak,  
    And tyrant of the wave!"  
Calling thy ancient liberty  
A dire and shameful tyranny!



## FOR ENGLAND

How shall my quivering lips be dumb,  
And from my heart no answer come  
    To quell the foeman's cries,  
That brand thee "robber-nation" "false,"  
    And "master-mind of lies?"—  
Is this thou whom their Schiller calls  
    Grand Freedom's Paradise?  
O England, thou that mad'st me free,  
How shall I plead and pray for thee?

O England, mother England!  
    Confusion shall be theirs  
Who seek to shame thee to the world  
    When German might despairs:  
Their taunts and slanders at thee hurled  
    Shall track them unawares.

O England, mother England!  
    That lov'st to shield and save—  
Were't not for thy benignant laws,  
    I still had been a slave!—  
For that have I not worthy cause  
    To call thee free and brave?

## FOR ENGLAND

In the strong grip of liberty  
Thou holdest fast the main—  
And if thy rule is tyranny,  
When did thy slaves complain?  
What recompense is ours to be  
Linked in thy freedom's chain!

O England, mother England!  
Long may'st thou "tyrant" be!—  
Thy "slaves" shall never, never swerve  
In love and loyalty—  
If men are proud to love and serve  
A tyrant such as thee!

## “ENGLAND’S FIGHT IS GLORY”

HOIST high the martial banner, boys!—let swell  
the battle’s thunder-strain,  
We’re out to fight old England’s fight on swelter-  
ing field and breezy main;  
The floating forts of England will keep sentry  
round our darling isle,  
While we shall tramp the battlefield for many a  
long and gruesome mile;  
Those fields with flood of our father’s blood in  
righteous cause are gory, boys—  
Then stand together!—at this hour we’re neither  
Whig, nor Tory, boys!—  
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! it’s war—and Eng-  
land’s fight is glory, boys!

O, brother Dick will come back home in fresh-  
won stripes and colors dressed,  
And papa will be with him, too, with gorgeous  
medals on his breast;

## “ENGLAND’S FIGHT IS GLORY”

And little sis brave Dick will kiss, and papa  
strong will lift her high,  
And he will point where England’s flag flies  
boldly in the windy sky:  
“The Union Jack is still our flag, and England’s  
still our home, my child;  
Our lovely land of freedom grand is still by foe-  
men undefiled:  
So pray, dear wife, our child by God be cherished  
for such motherhood  
In England’s great, free Empire—Heaven’s  
temple of men’s brotherhood.  
So shall the Union Jack be ours, and ours it ever  
shall remain,  
The emblem of true liberty which nothing but our  
blood may stain!”

So will they tell the grand old tale—old Eng-  
land’s splendid story, boys,  
Of fields with flood of our heroes’ blood in right-  
eous cause all gory, boys:  
Then stand together!—at this hour we’re neither  
Whig nor Tory, boys!—  
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! it’s war—and Eng-  
land’s fight is glory, boys!

## CONSCRIPT OR VOLUNTEER

LET other nations vaunt their might,  
With martial tyranny affright  
The Sons of Freedom and of Peace;  
But England never shall rejoice  
To lift the sword and make to cease  
The principle of man's free choice!

Let armies gather everywhere—  
Our own free spirit shall be there  
To drive the foe into the sea  
And vindicate our liberty:—  
Not driven, a trembling, conscript slave;  
But free as he was born, and brave,  
Each man shall rise and arm and stand  
To guard the borders of our land:  
For Englishmen must ever be  
The volunteers of Liberty!

## CONSCRIPT OR VOLUNTEER

O Britain! show thyself the one—  
Constant as thy unsetting sun—  
To scorn to use the word “compel,”  
Though round thy shores burst every hell!  
Let our free spirit now prevail!  
Defend the Empire!— if we fail,  
And heed not our own Mother’s call,  
Truth fails, and Justice, Freedom,—all!

Ye sons of England, there your flag  
Beckons to you, and will ye lag?  
Wait for the shameful, base decree—  
By force to shield your liberty!  
Shall it be said that Englishmen  
At duty’s call, could falter then?  
O never name “a conscript slave”  
The son of England, free and brave!

But come in armies numberless;  
Each act his part, and God will bless!  
Come of your own free will and show  
To all the world that Britons know  
Their duty to their destiny  
As God’s own Guard of Liberty!

## CONSCRIPT OR VOLUNTEER

O let no English lip command  
“Britons by force shall serve their land!”  
That were worse slavery by far  
And worse damnation than all war!  
Be true, be true, O England!—then  
Shall Heav’n requite, though all earth raves  
Let Englishmen be Englishmen  
And Britons never shall be slaves!

### THE ANSWER

O never England—Freedom—fall!  
God!—I answer to the call,  
Answer—I give my life, my all!

## IDEALS AND LIFE

I MADE me, long ago, a golden harp,  
And every string I tuned to harmonies  
Of a celestial song: and I, the player,  
Slept in the wonder of the music's charm,  
And Life seemed very far—no world of mine:—

Yet oft were borne to me discordant sounds  
From the harsh world of Life; and, later, when  
The graphic murmurs of realities  
Surged in a ruthless, overwhelming tide,  
I woke—the strings were snapped—the harp lay  
    broken,  
And now I stoop, fit back the golden frame,  
And gather and tie the strings to the keys of LIFE.



## SCIENCE AND FAITH

I SAW afar the dim, cerulean sea  
    Embrace the sapphire sky,  
    And from their union fly  
Myriads of dazzling gems, pouring to me.—

And round me seemed to fall th' effulgent shower,  
    And spread the earth with light,  
    And all the marvellous sight  
Enthralled me by its wonder and its power.

Lo! everywhere new brightness sparkling lay:  
    The fields, the vales, the hills,  
    The glades, the lakes and rills  
Gleamed in the splendour of th' ethereal day;

## SCIENCE AND FAITH

And from the eyes and flesh of man there shone  
A radiance all divine  
For Love did intertwine  
The Universe, and men knew God was One!

Afar the sea of Truth doth smile and nod  
Kissed by the heav'n of Faith,  
Whence infinite void and Death  
Are lit with flaming messages of God!

## THE HIDDEN GLEAMS

### A SPRING THOUGHT

WHY should a poet sing  
Of nature's bourgeoning,  
Of fields that flaunt their summer-gay attire,  
Of trees new-clad  
And hearts all glad  
At skies atune with nature's living lyre;  
The concert of these sparkling hills,  
Their drumming falls and stringed rills:—  
They're all from God,  
The assuring nod,  
Repeated promises, the prophecy,  
And murmurings of immortality.

Such is a poet's ear  
Diviner things to hear—  
And such, a poet's eye  
The hidden gleams to spy,  
The nobler shades and hues, the distant melody,  
Which are the touches of God's perfect artistry.

## THE SEA

I GREET thee, my beloved sea, once more!  
Once more I hear thy ancient murmuring,  
And mark thy smile on every liquid wing  
That wafts thy progress to and from the shore,  
Beckoning me to follow and explore  
The mystic language of thy lips, which bring  
Old, sacred whispers—songs the sea-shells sing  
Pressed at the ear—lost voices we adore!  
O, my beloved sea! and canst thou yet,  
After these lonely years of hope all fled,  
Have power to conjure scenes I'd fain forget  
And bury, with the lovely that lies dead?  
Where dost thou offer rest, thou restless sea?  
Far o'er thy bosom, or deep, deep under thee?

## FAREWELL

CALL it a sunset or a dream—

Thou'lt loveliest seem :

Thy cheeks shadowing in the ebbing lights,

The droop and waning in thine eyes,

As in the skies,

The stars close at the end of summer nights!

Call it a sunset—so thy hair,

Flaxen hair,

Throws round thy paling brow its crowning ray;

Call it a vision—so we sleep,

So we weep

That each from each should vanish far away!

## HER ANSWER

You ask me whom I'd marry:

Dear friend, I love too well  
With love too vast and starry

In weary flesh to dwell—  
But give me the poet's vision,  
And music's breath elysian—  
His harmonies should slay me

By whose grave in the dust I would lay me!

So, in a sunset valley,

When the dying flames of day  
Vanish majestically

Over the hills away,—  
My soul, my soul it is yearning  
No more to this earth-mist returning—  
To be there with the sun in his setting,  
And to sink with him unregretting!

## TWILIGHT ON SUMMER SEAS

Lo! upon the ocean sheeting  
Twilight's pensive hues are fleeting—  
Curtains of the parting day,  
Fleecy folds of blue and gray:  
Dim the coast-line, ocean-kissed;  
Phantom foam and flaky mist:  
Dumb, unnumbered murmurings,  
Ocean's mystic whisperings:  
Ebb-lulled lapping of still seas  
Rocked in twilight's slumbrous breeze:  
Like hushed breath of infant sleeping  
In the mother's song-swayed keeping:—  
And sea's golden smiles grow wan,  
As the summer night sails on.  
O, sweet hour of solemn thought!  
O, sweet hour, by tired brain sought!  
Hour of tender retrospect,  
Hour that bids us to reflect—  
With the passing of the day,  
Thus all fairness flees away:

## TWILIGHT ON SUMMER SEAS

When like star-beams, angel bright,  
Myriad memories round me light  
With the faces of sweet friends,  
And of love that swift Death ends:—  
And the sea each image laves  
Cradled 'mid the hollowing waves.  
Oh! I thank thee, twilight calm,  
For this deep, mysterious balm,  
That dost give such dreams and sighs  
For old daylights and old skies!



## LOVE, CHARITY, GOODNESS

THE warrior's deeds have short renown ;  
Love blossoms with eternal roots,  
And Charity hath deathless fruits,  
And Goodness wears a priceless crown.

And Love has lasting recompense,  
The memory through endless age,  
The record of a golden page  
In spiritual permanence.

## “LET MY PEOPLE GO”

(*See Exodus 8: 20.*)

WHEN, 'mid the noise of cymbals clashing wild  
and free,  
And chant of Israel's daughters dancing by the  
sea,  
Freedom was throned majestic in God's victory—  
Then from before His Power did trembling ty-  
rants flee.

\* \* \* \* \*

Age upon age has echoed with that mighty song—  
The battle against Force—the triumph over  
Wrong:—  
Still we see tyrants raging, still cower the slavish  
throng,  
Still we hear Israel groaning—“How long, O  
God, how long?”

## “LET MY PEOPLE GO”

Burst into flames, ye heavens! and let your brimstone flow:  
Like Sodom and Gomorrah, let be the overthrow  
Of throned murderers that say, “Your God we  
do not know!”

But see! the White Czar shudders—a surging  
murmur—lo!  
'Tis a human cry of nations: “Woe to all tyrants,  
woe!” . . .  
So swells the voice of Freedom, commanding,  
“Let them go!”  
And the heavens reverberating, re-echo: “Let  
them go!”  
And the fiery tongue of Justice thunders: “Let  
‘them go!—  
“Hurl down the gates of Bondage, and let my  
people go!”

## THE CHRISTIAN'S LAMENT

[Written after a perusal of a History of the Jews, wherein its Christian author in most bitter and passionate language laments the unparalleled suffering inflicted by professing Christians on the Jewish people.]

SOMETIMES in blindness I may curse

The oppressor's bloody soul,

But at such bitter, wild remorse

E'en fury seeks control.

I may have vowed eternal hate,

Have mocked the Gentile's creed—

The love that cursed a nation's fate

Were not less foul in deed.

Two thousand years—two thousand years!

Sword, stake, and rack, and cell;

Steel, fire, and torture, blood and tears;

Age, childhood, steeped in hell!

## THE CHRISTIAN'S LAMENT

Egyptian lash, Assyrian chain,  
Barbarian tyrants' rod;  
The Grecian's curse, Rome's martial train—  
Still lives the Son of God!

The pen his sword, the Book his shield,  
He bore the age-long yoke,  
And on the bloody battlefield  
The foeman felt his stroke.  
Th' Egyptian cowed at Moses' staff,  
The Greek 'fore Judas flew,  
The Roman scattered as the chaff  
Swept by the conquering Jew.

Yet, God in Heaven! how many know  
What battles Israel fought?  
What wondrous works with pen and bow  
The Hebrew hero wrought?  
Ye lights of Israel! shed your beam  
On Israel's starless night,  
And bathe in glory's beauteous gleam  
His wars for God and right!

Judas—he hurled the tyrant king  
From his inglorious throne—

## THE CHRISTIAN'S LAMENT

Of myriads like thee though I sing,  
'Tis but to me alone!  
Bar Cochba, who on Bither's height  
Didst valorous deeds to free  
Thy people from Rome's galling might,  
Who cares for songs of thee?

The Roman lord built temples grand  
In memory of the brave—  
No shrines for that heroic band  
That fills an unknown grave.  
The rocks in vaunting measures tell  
Of Greece's faithful sons—  
No pillar for the Jews who fell  
In countless Marathons!

Oh, shame! who in fanatic glee  
Revere the Grecian fane,  
The Roman arch of victory,  
And Israel's deeds disdain.  
Yet there shall shine the gladsome day  
When things that buried lie,  
Like precious stones with peerless ray  
Alone shall charm the eye.

## THE CHRISTIAN'S LAMENT

Then for the Samson of mankind  
In every Christian land,  
Where beat such hearts as here I find  
Shall tow'ring columns stand,  
And Roman might, and Grecian fame,  
Spurned by men's mocking laugh,  
Shall shrink into an empty name,  
A warning epitaph!

Then sing, my race, thy day is come,  
When truth must right restore!—  
The nations know thy martyrdom,  
And thou shalt weep no more!  
No more thou'lt think 'twere vanity  
In Christian work to see  
The love thou'st taught—Christianity  
In inhumanity!

## THE VISION FULFILLED

*Daniel Deronda*.—"The idea that I am possessed with is that of restoring a political existence to my people, making them a nation again; giving them a national centre, such as the English have, though they too are scattered over the face of the globe. That is a task which presents itself to me as a duty. I am resolved to begin it, however feebly. I am resolved to devote my life to it. At the least, I may awaken a movement in other minds, such as has been awakened in my own."

*Mordecai*.—"Let us help to will our own better future and the better future of the world—not renounce our higher gift and say, 'Let us be as if we were not among the populations'; but choose our full heritage, claim the brotherhood of our nation, and carry into it a new brotherhood with the nations of the Gentiles. The vision is there; it will be fulfilled."

*"Daniel Deronda" (George Eliot).*



## THE VISION FULFILLED

WHAT if the day at last should calm up-blaze  
After this moaning night, bloody and black;  
When from this war begotten, leap the rays  
Of everlasting Peace, Love without lack;  
What if poor Israel in his home of old  
Again be throned, and new Jerusalem  
Reflect the Messianic Temple's gold,  
The Sh'chinah of the chosen seed of Shem!  
The Prophets spake: th' Eternal God hath  
wrought

By all His thunders, their grand prophecy:  
"Ye are my witnesses; you have I bought  
For My great Name, and you shall never die!"  
Though now in murder-lust, in greed and fraud,  
The nations reel, yet every strife shall cease,  
And in the blessed victory of God,  
Vengeance shall die, and men shall walk in  
Peace!—

Here are the Night and Terror;—there the dawn,  
Where Love sits mourning on Hate's ruins,  
gleams

From our beloved East; and Israel, drawn  
To Zion's breast, can dream, thank God! and  
dreams!

## AFTER THE "POGROM"

*(On seeing the picture of a Jewess sitting by the  
dissevered head of her brother.)*

SHE sits beside a human skull  
That was her brother's head,  
She picked it from a village-full  
Of battered Jews, all dead;

She sits alone; nor light nor tear  
Her fixed eye betrays,  
Until her own and his appear  
To join their ghastly gaze.

The snow outside is red and white,  
But only white her cheek:  
Her people's blood had flowed all night,  
And hers is chill and bleak.

## AFTER THE "POGROM"

Her tresses, black, unkempt and dull,  
    Around her bare arms fold  
That now embrace the hideous skull,  
    And now her head uphold.

Then suddenly she thinks it wakes,  
    The eyes roll gruesomely,  
The mouth distends and from it breaks  
    Demoniacal glee.

Closer she bends, and now she tries  
    A competition grim:  
She moves her lips, she rolls her eyes,  
    And smiles, and shrieks—like *him*!—

So all that day, in that dark room,  
    Rang laughter, weird and shrill:  
The silent houses shrink in gloom;  
    The corpse lies still, so still!

## THE DRIFTING BOAT

A LITTLE boat was drifting  
Alone upon the sea—  
The big, big waves were lifting  
And swinging threateningly;  
The angry clouds were shifting  
Above it fast and free.

The billows leaped and tumbled,  
The lightning madly clave,  
The thunder cracked and rumbled,  
And fierce the rain-storm drave,  
And the boat-sides fairly crumbled  
Beneath the crashing wave.

But harmless flew the lightning,  
Vain fell the thunder-shock,  
Powerless the gale, nor frightening  
The treacherous, sunken rock:—  
For the waves, instead, were tightening  
The boat-sides with each knock.

## THE DRIFTING BOAT

And the lightning only lighted  
The unknown seas before,  
And the wind held up and righted  
The boat, when waves swept o'er . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

—Till the “ Promised Land ” is sighted,  
And Israel's home once more!

## MOSES

IN a little bark—  
A pitch-smeared ark—  
    The Hebrew mother laid him,  
Amid the sedge  
By the river's edge  
    Where papyri-leaves could shade him.

Ne'er was launched a ship  
On more wondrous trip  
    With such Pilot true to guide it,  
For that fragile, dark  
Rude-fashioned ark  
    Bore the mightiest mind inside it!

What grander feats  
Have they done—the fleets  
    And sea-lords of the nations?  
Was there one, withal,  
Like this Admiral  
    Of all times and generations?

## MOSES

O, Pilot-Sage,  
Through endless age  
    Thine Ark with us safe reposes,  
While with eye and ear  
Like thy sister's, near  
    We shall heed thee, our Teacher, Moses!

## **“WE’RE VERY NEAR TO GOD”**

“OH, mother, tell me why it is  
That Christian priests so bless us,  
And with their soft caresses,  
Say we are very dear to God,  
And we are very near to God,  
And we are always His.”

The Hebrew mother raised the lad,  
And dew’d his cheek with kisses—  
Such love the Hebrew’s bliss is—  
An angel’s halo lit the floor,  
The Russian savage burst the door:  
“Thus by the bloody rod, my child,  
We’re very near to God, my child,  
We’re very near to God.”



## PASSOVER

ONCE more resound the tents of Israel  
With chant of jubilation and of praise,  
Telling the martyrdom of ancient days,  
And how God heard His anguished people's wail,  
And saved with great redemption: then grew pale  
The chiefs of Edom, and in dread amaze  
The mighty lords of Moab, faint, did gaze  
On Egypt's doom, and 'fore God's wrath did  
quail.

Vanished is Egypt now; th' Assyrian chain  
No more affrights, nor Roman tyranny—  
Yet other foes and other Pharaohs reign,  
And 'neath the lash of Christianity  
Israel still writhes, heir to eternal scars,—  
Bondsman of Christian love and Russian Tsars!

## CHRISTMAS BELLS; OR, THE WANDERING JEW

“PEACE on earth, good-will ’twixt men.”  
Far the midnight air’s resounding,  
And the words are gaily bounding  
Over sea, land, wood and glen.  
Through the dark a darker form  
Wends his way outcast and lonely—  
’Tis the wandering Hebrew only,  
And his beard waves in the storm;  
And the storm wafts forth the peal,  
And the words dance round the spectre,  
Moist his lips with their sweet nectar;  
But they only make him reel.  
On his staff he leans, and hears.  
“’Tis the song I’m always singing,”—  
And the bells are gaily ringing,  
And he sighs and disappears. . . .

## CHRISTMAS BELLS

Peace is his 'neath blood-stained cowl,  
Good-will reigns among the devils—  
For the Jew no Christmas revels  
But the revels of the ghoul.  
“Peace in Heav'n 'neath earth for me!”—  
And the bells are made of iron,  
Singing like the guileful Siren,  
And they peal in irony.









